

Here's my most outstanding story.

>be me at age 19  
>me and a few friends (my cuz Steve and my buddies Andrew and Greg) decide to travel for the summer  
>I made a bunch of money in stocks and shit overnight a month before so I'm kinda willing to dish out money for traveling  
>we decide to go to Chernobyl  
>stupidest mistake of our lives  
>it was a fucking nightmare getting there, Ukraine is a shithole for those here who don't already know  
>basically we got there and got in and it was pretty much just empty ruins and shit  
>we brought shotguns and I brought a 44 so we wouldn't get raped or robbed  
>threes nights in freaky shit starts happening  
>Greg swears on his life he sees someone in an apartment window and he gets really sleeved out  
>Greg's bigger than all of us but he can be a massive pussy sometimes  
>I tell him that if anyone fucks with us out here, no one will ever find their body  
>We all convince him and each other that it was nothing  
>the next day we go walking around some parks and buildings  
>everything's rusted, there was a headless doll left in the middle of the road  
>the buildings are really sketchy and unsafe, but we go in them anyway  
>me Andrew and Steve are all White Nationalists so we start commenting on this communists mural painted in the hall  
>Greg's a wigger and he doesn't care about the convo and starts upstairs  
>he's up there for like twenty seconds before he jumps down from the top and breaks it out the door going "holy shit holy shit run run fuck"!  
  
>we all bolt out of the building after him shouting for him to tell us what the fuck he's on about  
>he's outside holding his gun towards the door

>we all run to him and he's clearly not fucking around by the look on him

>I'm just silent as Andrew and Steve start asking him why he just did that

>I draw my gun and watch around us, constantly looking at the door

>Greg starts saying in the most serious voice I've ever heard from him that he saw a man up there with an iron rod

>I immediately suggest that we go in and confront him

>Greg's like "no dude he wasn't human it's fucked up"

>Andrew agrees with me and we get Steve to come

>Greg doesn't want to be alone so he has to come

>Greg and Steve stay downstairs while me and Andrew go up

>everyone knows to check their targets but I'm really worried Greg will shoot one of us so I tell him to be carful what he shoots before I we go up

>he's not in good shape and he's a pussy but not this much of a pussy so I realize this is pretty serious

>we go through the rooms upstairs checking corners and shit

>eventually we find a dead wolf

>the stench is fucking horrid, it's clearly rotted

>the thing's been mutilated and its head has been pulled out of its neck

>there's blood everywhere, and it's clear that this animal was being eaten at, which is fucking odd cuz it's pussed up and rotten

>I start getting all weak, which happens when I think about anatomy

>the wall in this room has collapsed and someone could easily climb the rubble down to the street so we know that if anything was up here it's gone

>we go downstairs and tell Steve and Greg what we found

>after everyone goes back up to look at the wolf we head outside and look for shelter

>We wander around alert as shit looking for somewhere to spend the night

>eventually we see this garage thing with a usable windowless door

>it's totally empty except for a shitty old chair

> we set up our shit for the night and start planning what to do

>we set up a two man watch team and go to bed while there's still light

>me and Andrew are on watch and we start talking about random shit

>suddenly I have to shit

>we've been eating baked beans and jerky the whole week so I know I can't shit inside or it'll stink up the place

>me and Andrew go outside and I shit next to the door while he stands watch

>I'm about finished when he calmly tells me to hurry the fuck up before "it" comes over here

>I say "dude what the fuck don't be an asshole right now" and he goes "there's a guy standing out there watching us I'm not fucking around"

>I finish up and loo and sure enough there's a guy out there, but there's also a second guy standing too

>we go in and keep on watching

>eventually our watch is up so we wake up the others and tell them about how two demons watched me shit outside

>I go to bed wondering how I'll wake up

>in the morning we eat our food and check the guns and equipment (geiger counters and a bong)

>we go out the garage door rather than the side door

>Greg and Steve tells us that after we went to sleep there was scuffling noises near the side door, so we go around to check

>my shit is gone...

>I'm revolted as fuck, so is everyone else

>the demon ate my shit...literally

>we head back up the road, planning to get the fuck out of Chernobyl

>after two hours of walking we notice something trailing us a long way away

>it's walking behind us in the woods, no shirt but weird messed up pants

>if we had a rifle I would have gunned it down right there

>we just keep walking, checking on it ever now and then

>it gets closer every 45 minutes or so, and we're getting tired

>every time we break for a rest, it just stands there watching

>as it starts getting late, we look for shelter again, this time we find an old building that kind of resembled a gas station  
>we go in, lock up the door, and use the same watch system as the night before  
>this building has windows though, and we can see them standing outside watching, closer than they stood to the garage last night  
>in the morning we head out and they're gone again  
>an hour into our trek we catch sight of our follower  
>it's not walking though  
>about a mile behind us, it's starts a squad-sprinting towards where we are, jerking around and letting out this faint wail  
>I'm scared for about half a second, but then I remember my skin color and it fades instantly  
>we stand and wait, guns ready  
>during the time it takes for the demon to close the distance, we all conclude that this is some kind of trap, or that the creatures are testing us  
>we decide to advance towards the thing

>we walk forward in a horizontal line, guns forward, ready to fuck this thing up  
>I never thought it would actually come within range, I figured it would move off to the side or stop at some point, but when it gave us the chance, I didn't hesitate a moment  
>we fired in unison, and let me tell you it was past overkill  
>the creature lost an entire arm, and its chest was a mangled mess  
>before we fired me Steve and Andrew all screamed Hail Victory, which seems a little dumb now, but at the time I felt like the biggest badass this world has ever seen  
>after we finished it we just stood there looking at its corpse  
>its skin was pale, with a yellow-green tinge, and its insides were black and reeked of rot  
>we stood there looking, and Greg just says "that was fucking intense"  
>I start laughing and I'm like "yeah" and we all turn around to start walking again but we stop dead  
>everywhere in front of us, and as far as I could see down the

road, they stood there watching  
>it was like time froze  
>we started running away backwards, and they just stood there watching  
>after we ran so far that we couldn't see them anymore, we slowed down and started freaking out because now we couldn't take the road out, they had reaped us  
>we argued for a while until Steve said he heard a car  
>there was no where to hide, so we just stood next to the road, guns hidden, and we waited  
>the car turned out to be Ukrainian law enforcement when had heard the shots and were coming to investigate  
>apparently we had been just a short while away from the last checkpoint into Chernobyl...  
>one of the officers looked dead into my eyes and says in Russian "any trouble"?  
>I can tell he knew we were in trouble, and I could tell that he knew exactly what kind of trouble  
>we asked them for a ride back, and they kindly obliged  
>as we passed the spot where we shot the creature, there was no sign of any body, or even black blood  
>it's worth mentioning that these officers are strapped with AKs and even grenades  
>I'm like quietly shitting myself because I realize that if these guys hadn't picked us up, we wouldn't have made it  
>they drove us all the way to the first checkpoint, not stopping once  
>when they dropped us off, the same officer from before looked at me with that same look as before and said "they never used to kill you know" he says "they used to be scared"  
>then he and his buddy just drive off

It's not really a nope, but it freaked me the Hell out. That was three years ago, and if those things ever get bold enough I wouldn't be surprised if we heard about something like "riots" in Ukraine in a decade or two.

Seriously, don't go to Chernobyl.